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EDITORIAL



OU have often heard it said that God is indifferent to the fortunes of men today. Humanitarians sometimes imply that *they* are the ones who must pity the poor, the prolific and the incurably diseased, because a heartless God only adds to their suffering with a harsh moral law. The Communists have carried this trend even further. What would the world do without their beneficent planning!

This curious view of affairs is only possible because of a secular press which confines itself to "facts." A "fact" is a physical act (that Mrs. A was murdered today by her husband, while at breakfast), or a statistical conjecture (that thirty-five percent of the women in greater New York like to pay \$1.10 for their nylons), an opinion (as long as it is reported second hand—"I have it on the authority of, etc.").

But if God communicates with men (whether interiorly by grace in a blinding vision) that is not a fact, and so is not reported in the newspapers, or taken seriously in gatherings of learned men.

If *all* the facts (including spiritual ones) are taken into account, God's relationship with the modern world takes on quite a different aspect. Never in Christian history has God revealed His concern, and warned and advised men so publicly and directly as in the last century through the apparitions of His Mother.

We have tried to show in this issue that Our Lady's messages hold the only key to the solution of today's acute and world-wide problem.

We have also included the first of two articles (WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A CATHOLIC) by Father Carr, a Canadian Basilian whom we owe a long-standing debt of gratitude for light along the way in our search for synthesis. HEAVENLY HOUSTON is another of our cities' series.

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THE EDITORS

AUG 11 X

Open Letter to Comrade Stalin

Give peace to the peoples separated from us by error or by schism, and especially to the one who professes such singular devotion to Thee and in whose homes an honored place was ever accorded Thy venerable icon (today perhaps often hidden to await better days); bring them back to the One True Fold of Christ, under the One True Shepherd.

(Act of Consecration of Pope Pius XII.)

The Pope most certainly didn't add to your pleasure on October 31, 1942, Comrade Stalin, when, without even as much as an approving nod from the Soviet Supreme Council, he dedicated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, giving special place to Russia. And just to be sure that no one misunderstood, he repeated those words December 8 of the same year before some forty thousand people in St. Peter's Basilica. But don't give full credit to His Holiness for ideas enunciated on those occasions. The Virgin herself had requested such a course of action in her instructions to the children at Fatima. Frankly, she wasn't inclined to consider very favorably your plans to ostracize her. No amount of your present-day decrees and orders can serve to obliterate the glory of her position in Russian history and it would be a difficult matter to convince the Mother of God, in view of the love and devotion heaped upon her in the past by your countrymen, that the people of Russia would not now be delighted were she to return.

Yes, she was the subject of endless flattery from all classes before the days of "classless societies." The names of those who penned praise in song would read like a list of the great in Russian music. All the outstanding figures in the field of literature seemed never embarrassed at the thought of turning a bright phrase in her honor, even so good a comrade as Alexander Blok having been victim to her charm leaving us his *Verses of a Beautiful Lady*. But were you to destroy all mention of her in the literature of your own country, we would still have the testimony of those from other lands, friend and foe of Russia, believer and unbeliever alike, to bear witness to the devotion she kindled from prince and peasant.

Thus it is that we read with interest and amusement the comments in the travelogues of that sturdy champion of American Protestant church Protestantism, Samuel Irenaeus Prime, written in the 1870's. How bewildered he is to discover that in Russia "the Greek religion is like the Romish" for they "pay apparently the same honors to the picture of the Virgin that the Romanist does to a statue." And what

* Editors' Note: According to Lucy, the surviving Fatima child, Russia has yet to be consecrated alone, in the manner Our Lady wished.

s disgust to discover that women are not alone in this folly for frequently he observed that "in the middle of the day, and on a week-day, respectably appearing, well-dressed gentlemen were standing or kneeling before the altar offering their devotions. The men, as well as the women, appear to be religious in Russia. And it struck me as very strange to see a fine-looking, full-grown man coming in at noon-day into a church, bringing a little wax candle, walking up to a shrine which is a picture of the Virgin, kneeling before it, bowing his head to the floor, crossing himself again and again, lighting his candle and sticking it into a hole prepared for the purpose and once more prostrating himself to kiss the pavement, and then retire!"

And there is the witness of an American statesman, Albert J. Veredge, in his book, *The Russian Advance*, written at the turn of the present century. "It is not for nothing that noble, peasant, prince, criminal, philanthropist, society leader—all classes—make obeisance to the holy images. . . . Granting all their superstition, conceding their ignorance, giving full credit to every unfortunate phase which the Christian religion takes among this peculiar people, he who travels the empire from end to end, with eyes to see and ears to hear, cannot but admit that here is a power in human affairs, blind it may be, cruel times, no doubt, but still reverent, devotional, and fairly saturated with a faith so deep that it is instinctive, and the like of which may not be witnessed in all the earth."

Further testimony is contained in the three volumes on Russia written in 1839 by the Marquis de Custine who considered the peoples of the earth perfect only insofar as they were French. He journeyed to Moscow and visited a shrine of the Virgin where he "observed that everybody who passed this chapel—lords, peasants, tradespeople, ladies, and military men—all bowed and made numerous signs of the cross; many, not satisfied with so humble a homage, stopped, and well-versed women prostrated themselves to the very earth before the miraculous Virgin, touching even the pavement with their brows; men, too, above the rank of peasants, knelt, and repeated signs of the cross innumerable." And so infectious was this devotion to the Virgin that the Marquis, seeking relief in the company of non-Russians, discovers his chagrin that even his coachman, an Italian who has lived some years in Russia, is likewise "an adorer of the Virgin of Vivielski. . . . I had a few doubts as to the authenticity of the miracles of his Virgin Vivielski; had I denied the spiritual authority of the Pope, my man servant could not have been more shocked."

Of course, Comrade Stalin, your propagandists, who know how to turn a phrase to their own benefit, would undoubtedly claim that the proof of her low standing is evident in the fact that her icon was always put away in a corner. But wait just one minute with that line

of reasoning! In America being put away in a corner is not exactly a sign of respect, but the Emily Posts of Russia know full well in their country the reverse held true. Yes, it was in that corner where guest of honor was always seated that they were so proud to exhibit picture of their Mother and her Divine Son.

The omnipresence of these icons was a source of amazement to the visitor. W. J. Birkbeck, a high-church Anglican who spent much time in Russia, has given us the following picture of the situation: "Novelists and travelers have again and again described the station of Wisballen, from the platform of which at the one end may be seen the red brick church of Edytkuhnen with its characteristic if rather poor German gothic spire, and at the other end the blue star-bespangled dome of the first Orthodox church on the Russian side of the frontier. But I think that what strikes the foreigner most, when he emerges from the ordeal of the customhouse, and makes his way into the justly lauded buffet where he has to wait until the train is ready to start again, is the presence of a large sacred picture in the corner of the room with a lamp burning in front of it. And from that moment until he crosses the frontier, so long as he is under a Russian roof he will never be out of sight of these visible evidences of the nation's belief in the Christian Faith. In Germany and very often in England you may enter a strange house, and you may come out again without knowing whether its owner is a Christian or an infidel. In a Russian house this is impossible. In every room you will find in the corner an icon either of the Savior or of the Mother of God, or of some one or more of the Saints. And this custom is not confined to private houses. You will find the same thing in the public buildings: in the rooms of the offices of the various government departments, in the shops, in the railway stations, in the cabins and dining saloons of the steamers, in the bazaars, and, in fact, in any place where men meet to transact the ordinary business of life. No foreigner who has traveled in the small steamers about the lakes and rivers of the northern part of Russia can have failed to be struck by the manner in which everybody in the cabin before he settles himself for the night turns to the icon and performs his evening devotions, and the same thing when he rises in the morning. As for private houses, they all, from the palace to the humblest cottage, are provided with them. If you enter a room without an icon you may be sure that the house belongs to a foreigner."

You know as well as I do, Comrade Stalin, how the natives treasured these icons as signs of their love for her and her protection of their clients. Nor were the people of Russia timid about invoking her aid and expecting her assistance in times of distress, of war and of national calamity. How often, when the enemy threatened, they would gather about one of her icons and would feel prayerfully secure that she would

ain victory for their cause. And when she did, the Russians—being
ple and naive, as the educated Westerner would say—could not
erstand why they should not give special honor to the pictures of
who had specially honored them. The “civilized” foreigner, often
ympathetic to such ideas concerning the Saints, did sooner judge
andalous and idolatrous, rather than edifying, these many evidences
he favor of the Mother of God and the manifestations of respect
d her by the people. M. Spinka of the Chicago Theological Semin-
gives us a typical observation for one of this class: “The very
rt of the Russian peasant’s religion was his worship of the images—
icons—and the relics from which he expected relief from his many
and next to this was his belief in the magical powers of the sacra-
nts, with which his concept of ‘salvation’ was identified. There
e no less than 241 officially recorded ‘miracle-working’ sacred icons,
ong which the various representations of the Mother of God pre-
minated.” Spinka would, evidently, set a limit to the Mercy of God
the intercession of His Saints.

It has often been stated that the history of these famous icons of
Mother of God is the history of Russia itself. Such a one is that
the icon of Our Lady of Vladimir which had been brought by Duke
Solimbski from Constantinople and placed in the Cathedral at Vladiv-
ostok in the twelfth century. When the hordes of Tamerlane threatened
scow, the icon was brought to the besieged city and the sparing of
city was credited to the intercession of the Mother of God. In
memoration of this event the icon was thereafter honored in the
hedral of the Assumption situated in the Kremlin and before it the
ers crowned themselves and patriarchs were consecrated.

And who is there who has read Tolstoy’s *War and Peace* with its
ount of events in the War of 1812, who can forget the scene on
field of battle when Kutuzoff goes round his troops bearing the
icon of Our Lady in order to raise the morale of his men? And one
hundred years later, when thanksgiving services were held on the same
field, her part in the victory was not overlooked. The icon was carried
on foot by detachments from every town and village through which
it passed on its eight-day journey, from Smolensk to Borodino and
at was the acclaim it received from tsar and peasant and soldier and
lilian. This same icon at a much earlier point of history had been
brought into battle against the Tatars under Baty.

These accounts could be related endlessly, for numerous were the
victories granted the land of Russia through the intercession of the Mother
of God. But let us consider for a moment what must have been her
favorite shrine, situated just outside the Kremlin, and the goal of all
faithful who would not think of entering or leaving the confines of

Moscow without calling to pay their respects. We take our account from the works of two outstanding American guides.

From Ruth Kedzie Wood's *The Tourist's Russia*, we derive the following: "Returning to the Red Square, the Sunday Gate is to the right. Against its farther wall and between two arches stands the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin. The crowd of the faithful often extends to the pavement before the tiny shrine. Dusty pilgrims from far provinces lay down their ragged bundles and tea-kettles, and enter to kneel before the wonder-working picture, which flames with gold, pearls, and brilliants. Shopkeepers, maids coming from market, an officer in full accoutrement, a shabby cure, a lady descended from a limousine, make the poklon, and repeatedly bow to the floor in common humility. If the Virgin drives away like the Bambino of Rome, in her own carriage with bare-headed servants, to pay a visit to the ailing, she leaves a substitute, which does not deceive her devotees who know well that the Virgin of Mount Athos bears the mark of a Tatar ball on her cheek. The praying, crossing, bending, is uninterrupted from daybreak to dark. The odor of poverty, of incense, and flowers on the altars is overwhelming."

"A young woman turns to kiss the glass which covers the icon. Her way to the door is impeded by a press of old and young. Perhaps she is leaving Moscow or has returned after an absence. At any rate she has fulfilled the obligation of every Orthodox traveler in Moscow by paying homage before or after a journey at the Chapel of the Iberian Virgin."

In the travelogues of Burton Holmes we read: "Her state-carriage is drawn by six horses with driver and postilion in brilliant livery, all bareheaded. Her progress through the streets is like that of an emperor. All traffic ceases, every head is bared and bowed, all hands wave the outline of the cross, all lips are moved in prayer; and when, upon her arrival, the huge gilded frame is carried from the coach, we see scores of men, women, and children throw themselves upon their knees and crawl frantically toward it."

Whatever else you might care to say, one thing is certain—Moscow was definitely not ignored! And we can gather some idea of the difficulties you have had with the persistence of the Iberian Virgin from the following remarks of Will Durant in his book *The Tragedy of Russia*: "In 1932, out of fourteen hundred pre-war churches in Moscow, four hundred were open (including two synagogues), four hundred were shut and barred; the rest had been abandoned, torn down, transformed. Some were changed into theatres, others into stores, houses, garages, plumbers' shops, Soviet meeting-rooms, headquarters for the local atheist league, etc. The monasteries were closed, and

monks were put to work. The shrines that had dotted Russia, as the goals of pious pilgrimages, were dismantled, and at last the famous Siberian Virgin, at the approach to the Red Square, was taken down."

"At last," you say, and it sounds like such a complete and final victory. But do you really believe that she will meekly resign herself to exile because you have so decreed? She treasures the loyalty she drew from the people of Russia and if those in high office have tried to take advantage of her favored position, the Mother of God has shown better than to blame the people for the sins of tsars any more than she will hold the people accountable for the present excesses of commissars. So it is that she has seen fit to defy your challenge and, under the circumstances, you would do best to back down from your position and set her coach in order for her triumphant return. You should be warned that she has a powerful Son of Whom she is justly proud and Who will see to it that nothing stands in her way. There is no doubt in her mind about the future. She states very definitely, "My Immaculate Heart will finally triumph." This dedication of Russia to that Immaculate Heart is her own way of doing things. You have been for so long enmeshed in the business of fifth columns and "boiling from within" that you fail to comprehend the encircling tactics that she is calling into play. Comrade Stalin, you have refused to open the door like a gentleman to let her into Russia, so she has retaliated by opening the vastness of a mother's heart and taking in all Russia.

PAUL F. ROWAN



THE STATUS QUO DUET

To change our ways,

We will refuse to,

We like the mess,

We've gotten used to.

The Pertinence of Penance

Either the U.N. is wrong, or Our Lady is wrong. The U.N. (and the League of Nations and the Marshall Plan and the Yalta Agreement and all the rest of them) proposes to remedy the undiagnosed and mortal disease of society with sundry economic and political nostrums. They increasingly favor researches and committees and plans, on the theory that the situation is vastly more complicated than at first we thought, and also on the unconscious pre-supposition that once the facts are known the remedy will be obvious. Our Lady, on the contrary, grossly "oversimplifies" things. Her message is brief, always the same (whether at La Salette, Lourdes, Fatima or Heede), and it is more and more insistent: *Do penance.*

Now as nothing has been said about penance at the U.N., so far as I know, it is possible that men do not think Our Lady's advice is very practical. The purpose of this article is to suggest that maybe it is much more practical than they think.

Irrelevant to What?

What are we trying to do anyhow? Are we trying to save democracy? It isn't very important whether we save democracy or not except insofar as the existence of democracy conduces to some greater end beyond itself. Men have been happy under kings as well as councils. Democracy is not an end in itself and (being a particularly unromantic form of government really, and not to say vague at the moment) there is little likelihood that there will be a successful crusade on behalf of it.

Or are we trying to bring about some sort of materialistic millennium? Obviously, if this is our goal, penance does seem a little absurd. The probability is that most people who are trying to fix the world have some globular housing project or garden suburb in mind by way of eventual beatitude.

Here is where they break sharply with Our Lady, who says that her goal is the salvation of souls and the Beatific Vision. The framework of reference in the two cases is entirely different. If you accept the secular view, which does not look beyond death, or even at death, then penance doesn't pertain. If, however, you accept the Christian structure, which places this life as a time of trial, sees Hell yawning and the sight of God inviting, then it can immediately be seen that penance has some relevance to our present mess. All the materialists' and socialists' strength consists in keeping people's eyes focused on their favorite framework of life. Otherwise they would have no real power. Does it seem as though some of the credit for our narrowed vision belongs to the Devil? Possibly this is his greatest triumph, that he has set up modern problems in terms which cannot but turn out to his advantage. If people have jam on their bread, and peace in which to pursue their

money-making without the hazards of war, they are his. And if they fall of peace and are bombed to death, they are still his, but maybe sooner. How crude of Our Lady to have shown the Fatima children a vision of Hell! It is so obvious then that the real issue is the salvation of souls.

How Did We Get in This Mess?

Here again Our Lady would "oversimplify." She would simply say, in complete disregard of all interesting studies of sociologists, the latest researches of statisticians, and the new discoveries that are being made every day, that we sinned against God. We broke the rules of the moral law, that is) so *of course* everything went wrong, and this is our punishment, which nothing can mitigate, save we are sorry and beseech God to help us.

The only alternative explanation of our predicament is that of our Russian friends, whose theory is that it is the inevitable result of inexorable economic laws, working through increasing chaos to a classless millennium.

Our statesmen in general refuse to accept this determinist position, and scorn Our Lady's verdict if they have heard of it. This leaves them shaking their heads and saying that the matter is vastly too complex to be understood without vastly more research. Withal they keep sliding toward the Communist position.

It will be useful to examine Our Lady's hypothesis to see if facts do bear it out.

Who Sinned and What Sins?

The hypothesis is that we're in our mess, of instability, war and threats of war, famine and all the rest of it, because we have sinned. We certainly must have sinned on a vast scale to have warranted such vast and tragic disorder. And so it appears.

In the first place, there is a universality about sin which is unprecedented in Christian history. It once was that the poor remained virtuous while the courts disported themselves. Infidelity, immodesty in dress, avarice, love of luxury and all the rest are now nearly as indigenous to the tenements as to Park Avenue. We have really attained a sort of equality, if only an equal guilt.

So it is also with countries. We like to fancy that our American hands are cleaner than some in Europe and Asia, but we committed some of the worst national crimes. Who dropped the atomic bomb? President Truman has not repented, and neither have we. We Americans also were responsible for some of the most ghastly air raids in Europe, not to mention looting, rape and black markets. We are the greatest materialists in the world. We have legalized divorce, are the chief promotor of birth control, increasingly favor euthanasia and

conscientiously keep the mention of Christ out of our schools. Need one go on? The air is heavy with impurity and commercialism, with worse vapors threatening. So Our Lady is right at least in her diagnosis. Now what about the prescription?

What Is Penance?

Penance is sorrow and satisfaction for sins. It means first of all an acknowledgment to God that we have sinned against Him. That means confession on a personal basis. On a national basis it would mean something like a day set apart for sackcloth and ashes, or flags at half-mast during congressional beating of breasts, as representing the citizens at large. It would mean in consequence a shift back to the morality economy (where good is done for its own sake) from expediency (where good and bad are done indifferently according to whether or not it will pay).

As for the satisfaction for sin, that means simply doing something distasteful to make up for sins, let it be anything from accepting cancer patiently to giving up cigarettes or eating spinach, or going without a new Nash.

Wasted Suffering

One of the most ironic things about today is that the amount and degree of suffering is enormous (has it ever been greater?), and it is virtually wasted. It is not wasted in this sense, that it satisfies God's justice (for it is punishment for sin, most of it). It may also serve to show men their folly and cause them to turn again to God and save their souls. But is this usually the case? The suffering is too severe for the softened and weakened nature on which it falls. Cancer has not provoked a return to religion, nor do the majority of European sufferers seem so much chastened as bitter. But suffering far less than ours, if patiently accepted and offered to God in contrition, could be enormously efficacious.

It is the same way with our good deeds. Just as we have made suffering useless to our salvation because of our impenitence, so even our virtuous acts are unmeritorious because of the motive. Things done for reasons of expediency do not help to win Heaven. If you give a million dollars to the poor out of vainglory, or loan money to Britain in order to save your own economy, or are honest because it is the best policy, there is no virtue in it, nor does much permanent good come of it even here on earth.

Mortification and Freedom

Now let us look at another aspect of penance, the effect it has on our own spiritual nature. All penance has the indirect effect of mortifying our desires because it involves willingly denying them satisfaction.

The world chaos is miniatured in each of us. There is a certain hierarchical order of our faculties which we only achieve (thanks to original sin) after patient self-discipline and self-denial. If instead of mortifying ourselves we go in for self-indulgence, we encourage our passions to revolt against the control of reason. Thus we become progressively enslaved to our own lower natures and there is neither peace nor order within men. Naturally this is reflected in the condition of the world at large.

We love to exalt freedom and democracy but what good is political freedom to men who already are enslaved to themselves? What good is liberty if we are not masters of ourselves? It is like giving a drunkard the keys to the city.

What good are noble ideals if you can't carry them out? Modern American man is like a general who glibly promises to rush reinforcements into a breach and then finds his troops only laugh at his orders and continue their card playing. Or rather he is like a young man who cannot pass the acid test of manhood in order to wed the fair lady, or save his city, or win the crown of martyrdom, when the acid test consists in going without a cigarette for twenty-four hours. It's not that he prefers a cigarette to a fair lady and the rest, but just that when he comes to give orders to himself he discovers a mighty insurrection has taken place. Isn't penance relevant to this state of affairs?

Penance and Bourgeois Society

The austerity of life which the spirit of penance fosters has its exact opposite in what is known as bourgeois living. It is the way you and I live. Of its essence are comfort, ease, mediocrity, labor-saving devices, pretension. It is the social ideal of an all-pervading commercialism, the beatitude reflected by the advertisements. It used to be rare and limited to the comfortable, merchant middle class, but now bourgeois living has spread over all, especially in America.

The way you incite a Communist against the Western democracies is to point with scorn at our bourgeois softness. It can almost be said that the strength of the dictators, whether Communist or Fascist, lies in their fairly accurate condemnation of our vulnerable softness. They sometimes lie and often exaggerate, but the basis is really there.

The paradox of the situation is that our Fascist and Communist enemies really cherish the ideal they pretend to scorn. Karl Marx had enormous respect and admiration for the achievements of bourgeois capitalist society. The real grievance is that the Communists do not share in our luxurious living and they hold it out as a goal to their subjects, while asking them to despise it meanwhile in the interests of sacrifice to the state. One of the most pitiful aspects of Hitler was revealed after his death. He was not a fanatic, tragic, selfless madman.

He was a petty bourgeois man who loved overstuffed furniture and geegaws in too great abundance and deplorable taste.

So our bourgeois living both attracts and repels our Communist enemies who are, in a sense, comrades behind the imitation-oriental-rug-beside-the-Bendix-automatic-washing-machine facade. As long as we cherish comfort and ease and pretension we are at their mercy. If they do not win us by force, they will win us by peaceful suasion. Is penance pertinent?

Our Lady and Penance

What has penance to do with Our Lady, and why is she God's emissary in this crisis? Well, it appears to be because of her role as Mediatrix of All Graces. That explains the apparitions. "I can scarcely restrain the arm of my Son," she said at La Salette, weeping. She is interceding for mercy for us and to get us a little more time to repent, whereas we have long since deserved complete disaster for our sins against God. If we had listened at Fatima, and done penance, we would have staved off the recent war and the terrible suffering continuing from it. We were warned of this at Fatima and reminded of it at Heede:

As Mediatrix of Graces, Mary has the power to increase the merit of voluntary sufferings and to distribute the graces that are earned by them. This is the burden of De Montfort's teaching, that we should give to Mary all our satisfactions to distribute as she will. This is what she asked of the children of Fatima, that they make sacrifices for sinners; so that she would have more graces to distribute. The advantage of having Mary distribute the graces is not only that they are increased through her mediation, but also because she knows, as we cannot, how best to use them to avert universal disaster, and she has made it clear that her use of them will be, in a way she alone knows, conducive to the conversion of Russia, which will in turn stop the propagation of errors which cause the loss of very many souls.

The Unequal Burden

In a world of dog-eat-dog and eye-for-an-eye, we have forgotten the sacrificial nature of Christianity. Who is to do penance? Is each man to do it in proportion to his sins? Or are only the evil to do penance? Of course not! It is almost the other way around. Those who are the most pure and the least sinful are to do the most penance. "Make sacrifices for sinners," Our Lady demanded of three innocent little children at Fatima. Christianity has always been an "unfair" arrangement in this regard, ever since the Sinless One offered up His life for all of us who sin from the beginning to the end of the world.

Our Lady and Russia

Mary specifically mentioned Russia at Fatima. Why is Russia crucially important? The fate of the world doesn't hang on what happens in Holland and Greece, so why Russia? Obviously this mystery is bound up with the fact that Russia is the seat and source of communism. In fact, Our Lady's appearances at Fatima coincided with the Marxist coup d'etat in Russia and she knew it for the menace was, before the world even took the matter very seriously.

There is something unique about Communism in comparison with other ills which beset mankind. Is it possibly this, that it represents the Devil's fully organized attack on what was once Christendom? The advent of Communism was preceded by several hundred years in which manifold errors increasingly coalesced into systems. In the last century there arose Freemasonry, a secret society which gave form to the errors of the rationalists, and was a medium for an organized and seeminglyabolical attack on the Church. Indeed, this was the setting of the apparitions both at Fatima and at Lourdes. Communism seems to have superseded Freemasonry as an instrument of occult powers. Now it is in the open, has absolute political power, which is at the same time complete economic control. It is highly organized and persistently universal. Its propaganda tenacles are everywhere, and everywhere so antithetical to the Faith.

If this thesis is correct, and Communism does represent a major stronghold of the Devil in world affairs, then Our Lady's intercession is tally necessary for it is she who will crush the Serpent (that is to say, the Devil), to whom she was never subject because she was immaculately conceived.

If our struggle is against preternatural powers, then the U.N. is going to be pretty impotent, and we are going to need Mary's help adly. It is also obvious, if this is the case, why Russia will have to be converted. You can defeat a nation, but the Devil you can only exorcise. Once he has got this far he will take advantage of our every weakness (and certainly he can outsmart us, for he has an angelic intellect) to spread his influence everywhere for his own ends. The naivete of statesmen will but play into the hands of the enemy.

From the secular point of view Russia doesn't seem at all consistent, and even the wisest among us cannot predict her next move. Now she tells the truth, now she doesn't. One minute she is conciliatory, the next obstinate. Why? What is Russia driving at? The whole thing makes sense only in the light of one end, and that the destruction of souls. Only Lucifer, Our Lady and the Church understand the real issue of our times.

"This kind can be cast out only by prayer and fasting." Again our role becomes clear. Penance is of the essence.

Russia Will Be Converted

Our Lady of Fatima said that in the end Russia will be converted. If we do not do penance the errors of Communism will spread to every country in the world, but in the end Russia will be converted. How that will be if we don't do penance, has not been revealed. Obviously it will only come about after terrible suffering.

But there is no reason why we shouldn't do penance. If Our Lady chooses to use the graces that way, the sufferings of one cancer victim lovingly accepted might mean the conversion and salvation of Stalin. And heaven knows what might happen if Catholic office girls dressed poorly for Our Lady's sake and for the sake of the salvation of souls ("Christians ought not to follow the fashions," said Jacinta shortly before her death).

To those who believe, it should be obvious that the burden of righting the world situation lies chiefly with them.

PETER MICHAELS



BENDING THE SAPLING

Eye to the future! Ear to the ground!

Nose to the grindstone, my lad!

And you'll have the happiest future, my son,

A contortionist ever had!

Bogoroditza

The sun was shining brightly. The crowds moved in well-controlled patterns to and fro, from the Peace Chapel of Our Lady of the Cape to the exhibits, and back again. The Marian Congress was in full swing. Dominating the whole scene, the immense statue of the Virgin with arms outstretched seemed to embrace the whole world, and lift it up . . . up to her Son's pierced feet.

Suddenly the whole picture faded . . . and I was back in Russia, the Russia of my childhood and youth. Recently, it seems, I have been making this journey into my past more and more frequently, and from the oddest starting points too, such as busy New York streets, restaurants, the South Side of Chicago, the rolling green hills of Wisconsin, and now from the Marian Congress in Ottawa, Canada!

It is early September. My unruly blonde hair is neatly combed in two pigtails. My brown dress and black apron (the uniform of all high-school students in Russia) are without stains or tears. I am ready for the first fall day of school.

My mother and father are waiting to bid me Godspeed on this my new year of study. Slowly I walk up to them and kneel before them. They lift high the icon of the Blessed Mother (a holy picture painted in oils on wood and encased in silver and gold), making the sign of the cross with it. Father in ringing tones begins: "Suffer little children to come unto me." Mother answers: "For theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then together they pray: "Defend, O Lord, Thy children from every adversity, Mary ever Virgin Blessed interceding for them. We pray Thee to regard with tenderness this Thy little one. Pour into her soul the grace of the Holy Spirit, that through Him she might be enlightened and instructed for all times in that which is pleasing to Thee, and may the *Bogoroditza* (She-who-gave-birth-to-God) guide her always to Thee!" Thus yearly I am speeded to school, realizing early in life that learning is *learning* only if through it I become more pleasing to God. So did with me millions of other Russian children and youths.

Years, months and days merge into moments on this pilgrimage of mine into my past. . . . And it is summer again, with school far behind me. Mother and I are gathering herbs, medicinal and savory ones. Herbs are either food or medicine and, as such, come under the blessed and competent eyes of the *Bogoroditza*. Had she not been a housewife too? Had she not prepared meals and nursed kin and friends? Of course she had! And so, laden with the fragrant load, mother and I stop at the Church. The priest comes out smiling and intones the *Blessing of Herbs*. It is long and beautiful. I remember

but part of it: "May these blessed objects act as a protection against the mockery and deception of the devil, wherever they are kept or carried, or other disposition made of them. And through the disposition of the Blessed Virgin, may we, likewise laden with sheaves of good works, deserve to be lifted up to heaven...."

Herbs first, the fruits of the orchards next. These are blessed while yet on the trees, just before harvesting, and always on her Assumption day. Again lovely litanies are chanted to her, and long blessings said with repeated requests to her to take them and all our petitions to her Son.... And then the harvest.... Then the seeds are blessed on her birthday.

Another summer comes and goes in a twinkling of an eye. It is my betrothal. Again the heirloom icon is brought out of my parents' bedroom and my fiance and I are blessed. After the blessing it is installed in an outdoor shrine, surrounded by the loveliest flowers of our garden. Before it the solemn ceremony of pledging our troth is performed by a priest, the wedding ring is blessed and put on my right hand finger, to be transferred during the Nuptial Mass to the left hand.

The bridal room after the nuptials. Already "She-who-gave-birth-to-God" is installed there. The vigil light that is to burn night and day until our death flickers slowly, throwing deep shadows on her face, making it come to life.

So it is before her that bride and groom kneel, asking her blessing once more on their wedded life and their fertility, which is viewed in Russia as the infinitely great and awesome privilege of being co-creators with God in bringing souls into this world. To her they turn once again in this their first night of love, when their spiritual pledge of one-ness will be consummated in the flesh, thanking her by slowly and devoutly reciting the Magnificat!

It is she who, by her presence, gives strength to the young wife when, her time having come, her bed of love for a moment becomes her bed of pain. It is to her that the young mother or father lifts the newborn child. It is to this shrine, this center of the household, that the child is brought every morning and every night to learn his or her prayers and to be blessed, for the night or the day, by the parents and by the *Bogoroditza*. Here, too, are held all the family counsels, for isn't she the Mother of Good Counsel? To her, Mother of Sorrow, are brought all the family burdens, pains and griefs. To her, the Mother of Perfect Joy, they come with their joys. From her, the Spouse of Divine Wisdom, each and all ask for wisdom in the hour of need. It is she again who receives the dying prayers of those whose lives she shares and has blessed from birth to their last moments. *Bogoroditza Mater Bozia spusi nuss!* This is the constant prayer of Russia, today

esterday and, I firmly believe, unto the end of time. "You who have
iven birth to God—Mother of God—save us!" . . . and she will!

It's fall again, in this strange dreamy journey of mine into my past. We are making ready for our annual pilgrimage to one of her innumerable shrines that dot Russia like an immense rosary—the *Bogoroditza* of Kiev, the fair city on the river Knepr, of Kazan on the Volga, of Tver in the very heart of Russia. In big cities marvelous are her churches, in little villages infinite is the number of her chapels. On all roads from north to south, from east to west, through that vast land of Russia, she waits in her wayside shrines for the pilgrim, the traveler, the beggar.

There wasn't a palace, a house or a hovel that did not have her holy icon. It may have been a priceless gem of art incrusted in silver, gold and precious stones. It may have been just a cheap chromo. But always the vigil lights burned before her, and always she was the center of the household. Even the Communists have been powerless against her. For people still have her icon. It may be hidden well, but it is here and, as of old, it is brought out in moments of need, joy and sorrow. The present Russian government was compelled by common sense to keep her (icons) in its museums, for some are priceless works of old Byzantine art. For it was from the Greeks that the first Russian monks learned the difficult art of painting icons. What matters where she is placed? Whether in a museum or a house, the fact remains that she is in Russia, enshrined forever in the hearts of her people.

I collided rather violently with a dark-robed figure, who suddenly called out my name. I looked up. There was the crowd. It was Ottawa, Canada, again. But the *Bogoroditza* was there too, standing high up in the sky, dominating the city, the world—with arms outstretched, calling her children to her! I was no longer in Russia, but what did it matter. She was here! I had come back from my pilgrimage into my distant past to find her who shared my whole life, and that of my people, right beside me!

O Bogoroditza, bring your own beloved Russia that loved you so much and I am sure still does, even though in secret, back to your Son, back to your Spouse the Holy Ghost, back to your Father and mine Who art in Heaven. Bogoroditza—Mater Bojia—Spassi Rossiu!

CATHERINE DE HUECK

All the News "Fit" to Print

On October 13, 1917, the weather in New York City was fair and the forecast was colder that day and the next, with fresh northwesterly winds. (In certain parts of Portugal it was raining.) There was much happening in the world to interest the press of the United States, especially the New York papers which cover European news quite thoroughly, and specifically the *New York Times*, with "all the news that's fit to print."

The Chicago White Sox and the New York Giants were fighting through the World Series. The *Times* gave the fifth game all the space it could, a column on the front page and a full page inside, with all the facts, figures and phantasies of the 8 to 5 White Sox victory.

The war, the first World War, took a lot of space, too. In Germany the prestige of Chancellor Michaelis was reported as shattered and his position so shaken that his deposition was considered imperative. One of his difficulties was the German inability to stop American transport.

On the fighting fronts, the Germans had landed detachments on the Riga Islands, and in France and Belgium the British army under Haig was slowly moving forward.

The United States was in the midst of the second Liberty Loan drive, and everyone was pushing so the set quota would be met. On October 13, 1917, a total of \$525,000,000 had been subscribed, and (as more recently) all the advertisements carried bond slogans. Another popular slogan was: "Everyone can help win the war by conserving food—eat all you want but don't waste an ounce."

Over the Top, by Arthur Guy Empey, was advertised as "the most widely read and talked over book in the country," and Sergeant Empey himself was in New York City lecturing (a favorite pastime of authors) and giving an authentic demonstration of trench warfare.

There was much other entertainment in New York City. In the motion pictures, Theda Bara (the vamp) was appearing in *Cleopatra*. Another prominent movie was *Fall of the Romanoffs*. On the stage Billie Burke was in *The Rescuing Angel*, David Belasco was producing *Tiger Rose*, John Philip Sousa was at the Hippodrome, and Fred Stone was preparing a new play, *Jack O'Lantern*.

Among the books, Joseph C. Lincoln had a new Cape Cod Story, *Extricating Obadiah*, and Winston Churchill (not the former Prime Minister) had a new book, *The Dwelling Place of Light*, which was reviewed on the first page of the *Times Book Review Section*.

That radical movement for woman's suffrage was also in the news, and the National American Women Suffrage Association had issued a call for its forty-ninth annual convention, which was to urge Congress

pass the Federal woman suffrage amendment without further delay.
These were the more important items that filled the papers that
ay.

But over in Portugal, in the hill country called the Serra da Aire, in the geographical center of Portugal, a dramatic scene was being enacted before seventy thousand people (more than attended the World Series)—seventy thousand people who had tramped to this isolated section through mud and rain, standing for hours in the thick slime, waiting, waiting, waiting... waiting until the Blessed Virgin appeared to three little shepherd children, and the sun danced and whirled in the sky, and all who saw it shouted that it was a miracle, confirming the story of Fatima.

October 13, 1917, was the culminating day in the series of events that year, when Our Lady appeared to these three little children, and through them sent her message to the world, asking the consecration of Russia to her Immaculate Heart, promising that if this were done Russia would be converted and there would be peace. If not, however, Russia would scatter her errors throughout the world, provoking wars and persecutions of the Church. And people (and that means us) must pray the rosary, perform sacrifices, make the five first Saturday communions, pray for the Holy Father, and after each mystery of the rosary say, "O my Jesus, pardon us and deliver us from the fire of hell. Draw all souls to heaven, especially those in most need."

The newspapers in Portugal carried many accounts of the strange happenings of October 13, 1917—even the most anti-clerical papers—but not the press of the United States. The only mention of Fatima to be found was in the advertisements—for Fatima, "the sensible cigarette."

In fact, it is almost unbelievable to see how little an impression the tremendous story of Fatima has made on the general press of the United States. *Time*, in a feature on Salazar and Portugal a little over a year ago, was so little concerned with the vital fact of Fatima that its name did not even appear on the map, and the article carried no mention of it. Natural resources were carefully delineated on the map, but not supernatural ones. *Time*, with its then two editors, its managing editor, its two assistant managing editors, its nine senior editors, its thirty-nine contributing editors, and its forty-seven editorial researchers—not to mention its domestic and foreign news staff—must have known the story of Fatima. The only possible conclusion is that *Time* did not think it very important. But then, what happened at Fatima was only the Mother of God warning the world of the inevitable results of its sins.

FLOYD ANDERSON

On Pilgrimage To Fatima

By a series of circumstances that I like to consider near-miraculous I found myself flying to Portugal to attend the First International Pilgrimage of Catholic Action Girls to Fatima from May 3 to 5, 1947. The pilgrimage was organized by the Catholic girls of Portugal as thanksgiving to Our Lady for having kept their country out of the war to thank her for the present peace, and to beg for a true and lasting peace.

It was during the first World War that the Blessed Mother honored Portugal by appearing to three little shepherds near the village of Fatima and gave them messages on which the future of our world now hangs. Our Lady appeared every month for six months. At the last apparition, in October, 1917, she performed the miracle she had promised, in the presence of seventy thousand Portuguese; at which time the sun appeared to dance and spin and to fall from the sky. Some of the messages given to the children are still unknown; they are to be kept secret until some time in the future. Others have unfortunately been fulfilled; I say unfortunately because Our Lady foretold the occurrence of World War II, the starvation and suffering of the people, the rise of Soviet Russia. She requested that we turn from sin and make sacrifices for sinners and showed the children a vision of hell. She also requested that Russia be dedicated to her Immaculate Heart, that we say the rosary often, that we keep the five first Saturdays, (that is to receive Communion, to say the rosary and meditate for 15 minutes on the first Saturday of each month). Two of the little shepherds, Jacinta and Francisco, died shortly after the apparitions; Lucy, the eldest, is still living and is now a Sister of St. Dorothy in Portugal.

I was met at Lisbon by a Portuguese girl I had met in New York and at whose home I was to live during my stay. Right outside the airport a little girl about three years of age came running up to me, hands outstretched, barefooted, speaking rapidly in Portuguese. Although I didn't have the slightest idea of what she was saying, her attitude was obvious—she was begging, whether money for candy or essentials I didn't know, but she was the first of many beggars I was to come across in Portugal. Maria, my friend, told me she was a gypsy and different from the ordinary Portuguese as a gypsy in America is to the ordinary American. A short distance from the airport were many rows of houses. Maria told me that they were homes for the workers built by the government and then proceeded to give me details about them: only young married workers can rent them; rental is about twenty dollars a month; size of house depends on size of family; thirty years the man owns the house outright; in case of his death it is given to his wife without further payment. Most of the houses ha-

small gardens around them and seemed as attractive as many of the homes now being built in America; and much nicer than our government housing.

Soon we were driving down the Avenida da Liberdade, Lisbon's most beautiful avenue, the sidewalks of which are made of small pieces of stone with intricate designs of black and white, laid by hand. There seemed to be building going on all over the city, new apartment houses, new hospitals; and, besides all these, the city was preparing for the eighth centenary of its founding with many monuments, lighting, grandstands, and flagpoles. There seemed to be no shortage of building materials. I saw many men repairing the streets and sidewalks by hand, putting the pieces of stone in place and pounding them down with heavy wooden weights. These streets wear much better than most of our modern streets.

Lisbon is a beautiful city of pale yellow, green, blue, pink, and other pastel-colored houses, sometimes with colored tile. Many of the houses in the city, and the majority in the country, have a picture of the Blessed Mother or Saint Joseph, or some other Saint, on the front of the house in tile. There are many mountains throughout the city, numerous small parks, fountains, and in general appearance it is a well-kept city. Jacinta, one of the little shepherds, shortly before her death foretold that Lisbon would be visited with great devastation and destruction. Whether this prophecy is yet to be fulfilled or whether the penances and sacrifices of the Portuguese people have withdrawn this penalty, I do not know, although one of my friends told me something about having heard that the sacrifices of the people had saved Lisbon.

On May 3 we took part in a dialogue Mass at the National Catholic Action Girls' headquarters in Lisbon and then buses left from the headquarters with the foreign delegates for Fatima. There were representatives from Brazil, United States and Canada (me), France, England, Belgium, Poland, Russia, Italy, Spain, Ireland, Portuguese India, Portuguese Africa, and elsewhere. The pilgrimage was run by the Portuguese J.O.C.F., J.I.C.F., J.E.C.F., J.A.C.F., and J.U.C.F. (Young Christian Workers, Independents, Students, Farmers, and University Students). It was excellently organized, with certain of the groups in charge of the transportation, housing, food, sightseeing, etc. On the road to Fatima we visited Alcobaca and Batalha, two of the ancient, massive, beautiful monasteries in Portugal—there is nothing in the United States to compare with them. At both historic places the people of the villages came out to greet us; they seemed particularly enthusiastic to hear that I was from America. (It would seem that they still believed the streets of New York are paved with gold.) At Batalha the Bishop of Helenopolis, the Hierarchical Director of Portuguese Catholic Action, spoke to the crowd and officially welcomed us.

Finally, around 5:00 p.m., the buses began to ascend the mountains around the Cova de Iria. It seemed as though we were going up and around, up and up, until finally we could go up no farther. The scenery was beautiful. We were at the top of the mountain, at the Cova de Iria, the place where the Blessed Mother appeared. All along the road were stone crosses to mark the fourteen stations of the cross; hundreds of the people make them barefooted. A small chapel is built on the exact spot where Our Lady appeared; some distance away a tall, straight, pure white basilica is being built. There is a large hospital for the sick and another new hospital being built. There are many new convents recently built in the neighborhood, including the Dominicans and the Carmelites. There are no hotels; only a few *pensions* where some of the people might get beds. The vast majority of the thousands simply curl up in blankets and sleep on the ground, or in their wagons and cars. Hundreds do not sleep at all but stay up all night praying before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on an outdoor altar in front of the basilica. Guida, another of my Portuguese friends, told me that the Bishop of Leiria will not permit hotels to be built in order to carry out more exactly the Blessed Mother's desire of sacrifice and penance, and also to keep the shrine from becoming too commercial. Nevertheless, there were many small stands selling religious articles that reminded me (oh, blasphemous thought!) somewhat of Coney Island, with their loud vendors and persistent sales talk.

The evening started off with a procession at about 10:00 p.m. Everyone had a candle with a paper guard around it that gave a lantern effect. There were about thirty thousand people present of whom twenty thousand or twenty-five thousand must have been the Catholic Action girls. (At some times there are as many as one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand and in May, 1946 at the crowning of the statue, there were present seven hundred thousand.) At midnight we had Benediction and then the Blessed Sacrament was exposed all night. The rosary was recited and hymns were sung. At the stroke of every hour the chimes of the basilica ring out with the favorite song of Fatima, which tells about the apparition and Our Lady's kindness to Portugal; it is similar to the hymn sung at Lourdes, and the chorus is the same, *Ave, Ave, Ave, Maria*. At about 2:00 a.m. the foreign delegates went to tents that had been prepared for them for a little rest. Most of the Portuguese girls remained awake all night. However, sleep was impossible for us; it was one of the coldest nights that I remember in my life; besides the cold, the rosary was recited and hymns sung all night with a priest leading the prayers and the songs over a microphone.

At 6:00 a.m. Mass was celebrated and thousands of us knelt in the dirt to receive Communion. About thirty priests went among the

people distributing the Hosts; about twenty-five thousand Holy Communions were given out that morning. At noon the statue of Our Lady was carried in triumphal procession from the little chapel to the altar of the basilica. The foreign representatives were all given a chance to carry the litter on their shoulders. The people were very demonstrative and threw flowers continuously. The litter containing the statue was banked with flowers that had been sent from Holland for the occasion. High Mass was celebrated; at the offertory the delegates went up to the altar with various gifts (candlesticks, chalices, candles, etc.). During his Mass all the sick, about two hundred that day, were individually blessed with the Sacred Host. After the Mass the statue of Our Lady was carried back to the little chapel, this time carried by the Portuguese girls. Everyone had out white handkerchiefs and waved them as the statue passed. By now it was about 2:00 p.m. and many of the people began to make their way home, on foot, on donkeys and carts, bicycles, cars, buses. Many of the Portuguese girls left this day, but a number of them and all the delegates remained overnight, sleeping in the hospitals and convents. The following morning we visited the village of Fatima, the graveyard where the bodies of Jacinta and Francisco now rest, the place of the apparition of the angel, the pond where Jacinta once requested the frogs to be silent because she had a headache, and other places dear to those familiar with the story of Fatima. We also had the honor of meeting the mother and father of Jacinta and Francisco. They were very simple people and I was amazed that they did not get annoyed with the mob that surrounded them with all sorts of questions and requests. At 5:00 p.m. we left Fatima and returned to Lisbon.

Two weeks later I visited the convent near Porto where Lucy, now Sister Mary das Dores, lives. However, because I did not have permission from the Bishop, I was not permitted to see her. I was told by my friends that the Blessed Mother still visits her. In 1946 Lucy visited Fatima—the first time since she left there about twenty-five years before.

There have been hundreds and hundreds of cures recorded at Fatima, both spiritual and temporal; yet one cannot help but realize that the "message" of Fatima has gone *unheeded*. We have not mended our ways, we do not make sacrifices for sinners, we do not do penance, we do not pray the rosary often. How then can we avoid the penalty that has been foretold to us?—that unless we do these things the errors of Communism will sweep the world, bringing devastation and destruction. But there is one bright spot on the horizon: ultimately, Our Lady promised, her Immaculate Heart will triumph and we will have peace.

MURIEL DONNELLY





The Crass Struggle

Shut the Doors, They're Coming Through the Windows!

Failure to note the beam in the eye of the bourgeois American has made us incapable of either diagnosing or treating the mote in the eye of the Russian Communist. Consequently, much of the present anti-Communist journalism is obviously a case of the coffee pot calling the samovar black. Christianity and Catholicism are being brought in on a string to bolster the position of the self-seekers who find the native technique of economic extortion more to their liking than the imported variety. As the plot thickens, we may find Catholic Americans forced to sandwich the task of restoring a Christian social order between atomic forages against the Russians, just as they now feel compelled to confine their apostolic activities to hours subtler from mammon. All of which sounds like a Hearst editorial with reverent English, unless, of course, it can be substantiated by common sense. The common sense follows:

Communism is as incalculable as a New Englander's rheumatism. It reacts in response to a change in weather, but, in New England in the climate that generates Communism, the weather is constantly changing. It is important to bear this in mind whenever Communism is being discussed. Any calculation we may make is only as dependable as the momentary view through the periscope of an attacking submarine. Even while the readings are being charted, the enemy may have reversed his course.

The modern crusaders for the Faith are encountering the same difficulty their more warlike ancestors met when dealing with the Huns. The formal, ponderous, and calculated maneuvers of the armored crusaders made them an easy prey for the little dark men who rode high on their horses' necks, let fly their arrows, and then retreated. The crusaders were so weighed down by the impedimenta of tradition and self-importance, more concerned with the techniques of battle than the cause for which they fought, that the naked barbarian found them a simple target. The modern Communist is unimpeded by any form of tradition. He is naked of any loyalty to principles. He is free to attack or retreat with any weapon or motive he chooses. Against him the lightest weapon, the most unhampered stroke, the simplest maneuver of which Christianity is capable, will be victorious. And these, the appropriate instruments, are the things of the spirit: purity, poverty, faith, charity and justice.

The unfamiliarity of the bourgeois American with these weapons of the spirit, as well as his proneness to adopt the weapon and motives of the Communist, makes him not only a prey for the Communist, but

a victim to the same disease from which the Communist suffers. To
this point is the purpose of this article.

Communism Is Not A Foreign "Ism"

Communism is only accidentally Russian. It is essentially a universal trend of modern times. No immigration restrictions can keep it out of this or any other country. Possibly the Russian brand, which is the most fashionable right now, can be isolated and controlled, but a native facsimile will grow where Moscow or Marx are unheard of. Our own country has its common garden variety of Communism. Curiously enough, it is being peddled as an antidote for the Russian disease. This medicine which we Americans have been taking in large doses for the last few generations, has produced an illness, which when it reaches the critical stage will be indistinguishable from the disease that plagues the Volga shores.

The American trend which now parallels the course of Marxist communism, and which will eventually arrive at the same destination, uses as its propaganda organs the common daily newspapers and the reader-subscribed national periodicals. There is a substantial and formal similarity between *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Red Star*, between Detroit assembly line and the Leningrad work shop, between Coney Island and the Moscow Park of Culture and Rest. This similarity proceeds from a mystical worship of material things. This similarity explains why Marx danced with delight when he read of capitalistic technological advancement, not because he was against it, but *for it*. Like Eric Johnson, Marx felt that the blessings of industrial capitalism were not universal enough. To make them so, Marx devised Communism.

The Primacy of Economics

The first point of agreement between the bourgeois American and Marxist Communist is that economic values take precedence over all other values. Thus economic gain, the law of supply and demand, free enterprise, all of which are economic terms, are used as points of departure in deciding the worth of all personal, institutional, and political policies. It pays; therefore it's good. The job pays more; therefore it's a better job. This educational factory has richer alumni; therefore it's a good school. In common opinion and public parlance the economic yardstick has become the sole universal and unquestioned measuring instrument, so much so that it is unnecessary to press the point.

Many people who resent the ruthless invasion of economics into the domain of education, religion, and human relations, none-the-less concede the pre-eminence of economics over politics. Here they go

along with their bourgeois or Marxist neighbors, agreeing that the task of government is strictly in regard to the citizens' economic welfare. Consequently, temporal affairs that merely dispose men to move away from virtue, are no longer considered the concern of government. The government, they say, administers for men's bodies, not for the souls.

Although it is the task of the Catholic Church to administer men's spiritual needs, she cannot exercise authority over temporal affairs which are the occasion for vice or virtue. If the state refuses to administrate in this regard, then men's souls are left prey to educational and emotional assaults, which, were they directed against the bodies, would be prosecuted as criminal. Unless the government sees to it that temporal affairs are toward men's spiritual good, then there is no authority answerable for the moral state of the nation.

Contrary to Christian tradition, the common good (which it is the task of government to achieve) is no longer considered a spiritual good, but a material good. This, of course, makes politics the handmaiden of economics, a point of agreement between the bourgeois American and the Marxist Communist.

Religion Is An Opiate

When Marx declared that "religion is the opium of the people," he did not mean what the Marxist usually claims he meant. He did not mean that the privileged classes were using religion as a drug to keep the underprivileged anesthetized. No, he meant that religion is a consolation for the injustices and burdens of life in a capitalistic world. When the classless society emerges, then there will be no more human suffering and no need for the consolation of religion.

The bourgeois American subscribes to the same definition of religion as Marx. In America religion is generally cherished merely for its consolation value. A tremolo on the organ, a theologically inaccurate sermon full of sweetness and light, a studious avoidance of the ghastly details of the Passion and our contribution to it, a sentimental misinterpretation of the Sermon on the Mount, the presentation of a god who always understands, demanding no greater retribution than a few coins dropped in the collection box: this is the psychological haircut, shave, and massage which the average American erroneously calls "religion."

When one goes to the movies, one wishes to be entertained. When one goes to the doctor, one wishes to be cured. When one goes to church, one wishes to be consoled. Failing to satisfy these various desires, the patron abandons the movie and the doctor for another while the church is abandoned for the psychiatrist's couch.

Just a small charge of militant atheism could blow this parody

ligion into the oblivion it deserves, leaving the road clear for Communism. We can expect no martyrs for so shallow a faith, and, besides, there is no consolation in martyrdom.

The Myth of Progress

The student of Marx cannot help but notice the contrast in attitudes as Karl proceeds from a discussion of the world as it is to the condition of man in the eventual classless society. A fairly keen social catalyst suddenly becomes a dewy-eyed mystic who attributes to future men superhuman virtues, simply because beeses will be butchered and men potted in a new and different way. This expected metamorphosis proceeds from a messianic hope, for nowhere is any cause predicted which would warrant so remarkable an effect on human nature.

This false messianism is not a new phenomenon in America. It has its counterpart in the philosophy cherished by hard-headed business men, and also by "starry-eyed idealists" like Henry Wallace. Both Mr. Wallace and his enemies on Wall Street have great hopes for the future. His hope is unrelated to any particular thing that now exists. It is probably called a "*faith in the future of America*."

With a disintegrating and uncooperative economic machine, the Wall Street mystics each morning set their course for some golden morn. Errors, blunders, unemployment, waste, housing shortages, depressions, inflations, and deflations receive neither a shameful blush nor a repentent sigh. Those things were yesterday, or this morning, but just around the corner a new era of prosperity is waiting. Some morning's sun will paint the windows of the Stock Exchange a golden hue. *The Times* will speak in glowing terms of workers satisfied at their work and insatiable at the store counters. All mankind will have become charitably competitive and courteously acquisitive. Dog will no longer eat dog, nor will the devil take the hindmost. Why? progress, of course! Things always get better, inevitably!

Mr. Wallace has a different but not a dissimilar mystical hope. He believes in the *Common Man*, a man no longer prone to greed or concupiscence. This species is remarkably unlike anything we (or Mr. Wallace) have ever met, but is apparently to be sired and suckled by the same imaginary parents as Marx's Perfect Proletarian. Upon the arrival of these twins, we are assured that both the state and *The New Republic* will wither away for lack of anything to do.

Unfortunately, the bourgeois American has accepted the pleasant aspect of Christian hope without accepting Christ, His suffering, and the theological virtue which gives it validity. Their very unwillingness to confess past sins, is the guarantee of future disaster. The most hopeful prescription that they could hear would be, "Go, and sin no more!" but forgiveness (as God designed things) must wait upon penitance.

Mass Production

The bourgeois American and the Marxist Communist are pledged to mass production. Every curve and angle on their blueprints for the future presupposes assembly lines and subdivided work. Peter F. Drucker, in an article on the late Henry Ford (*Harper's*, July 1947), with no derogatory intent gave this definition of mass production, "... mass production is not, fundamentally, a mechanical principle but *principle of social organization*. It does not co-ordinate machines or the flow of parts; it organizes men and their work."

In making this clear, Drucker does no more than admit calmly the fact that has been hurled accusingly at the factory system for many years by both Catholic and non-Catholic thinkers. The fact that it is an organization of men moves it out of the sphere of expediency into the sphere of morality. Careful consideration of the entire problem has convinced some Catholic social thinkers that such a system of social organization is fundamentally immoral. It is against the nature of man. Mere preoccupation with the question of wages, hours, and working conditions will do nothing to remove the innate evils of the system itself. More than that, an increase in wages and leisure to men accustomed to the degradation of mechanical slavery tends, if anything, to corrupt them more. Mass production breeds irresponsibility; increased income and leisure broadens the area over which the irresponsibility can be spread.

As Drucker points out, this social organization is not at all confined to the factory. The Luce publications use an assembly line technique in editing their magazines. The Army used it extensively for logistic purposes. Office forces have become accustomed to it. Even shopping for the weekly food has become an assembly line experience. Its effect upon Catholic religious worship would make an interesting and appalling study for any liturgist, and might at the same time make clearer the need for social reform as well as liturgical reform.

Getting used to mass production, physically and psychologically, disposes men to Communism. What had to be accomplished by revolution in Russia, a country hardly touched by mechanization, could have been conceived undetected and mature rapidly in a society already accustomed to regimented irresponsibility.

A Mass Mentality

It is the end of industrial capitalism and the end of Marxist Communism to reduce society to a mob of co-ordinated automatons. The men who devised both schemes were sufficiently penetrating to see that men will use their minds, inconvenient though it might be. They discovered, however, that mental preoccupation with *particular things*

ly slightly impaired the mechanical precision of the man-tool. In addition, this concern with particulars had the twofold advantage of creating initiative (desire to *have* particular things) and keeping men from thinking about universals.

You see, thinking about universals means to be philosophic and such men (says Shakespeare) are dangerous." An automaton may safely ask "What, where, when, or how many," but for him to ask "Why," would mark him out as a radical and a disgruntled automaton.

Advertising has succeeded in keeping the bourgeois American mentally concerned with particular things, preserving him on ice until some demagogue may find it useful to thaw him out. Each new gadget, up, or best seller postpones the day when he might ask the questions, "Why am I here? Where am I going? What is the purpose of life?" answering these questions men would differ one from the other, each finding a peculiar distinction in a specific calling. Concern with particular things on the part of the individual produces in the collectivity a mass mentality.

For example, a political leader might say, "We are entering an era of prosperity." Each man concerned about particular things will feel that "prosperity means more particular things to be concerned about. Hurrah!" This is the mass-mentality reaction. But the philosophic mind will ask, "What is prosperity? Is it a quantitative or qualitative condition? What has it to do with happiness which is a spiritual thing?" You can see that that kind of reasoning is ill-adapted to a society of automatons.

Conclusion

Communism is a universal idea. Its roots lie in too great a concern for the things of this world. Bourgeois Americanism is rooted in the same soil, and unless it is transplanted, the fruit it bears will be the same. The representative of the F.B.I. fingerprinting Communist party members may wake up to discover that he himself subscribes to the same errors. In our anxiety and vigilance to barricade the door against Communist infiltration we may have left open the windows of our hearts and minds to the same enemy.

ED WILLOCK

What It Means To Be a Catholic

Each age has its special doctrines of the Church that are paramount for it. In the first centuries they were the Unity and Trinity of God, the Divinity and Humanity of Christ; at the time of the Reformation they were Grace and the Sacraments, and so on. These doctrines were studied and debated by the great minds of the times. It is not easy to preserve purity of doctrine. From the very first, men went astray. It is remarkable, when one thinks of it, that right in the time of the Apostles themselves, among their own disciples, false teachers arose. The Epistles of Saints Peter, Paul, John and James battle against deviations from Divine Truth. It is the great prerogative of the Church that she is the depository of Divine Truth.

What is the doctrine that is the center and core of Divine Truth today? Maybe there is more than one. If so, there is probably one that is principal. What is it? Divine Truth is not simple arithmetic or geometry, which can be learned, remembered, and handed on to others. The long history of error reveals that quite plainly.

What is the most important doctrine of the Church for our day? It goes without saying that this is a very serious matter. We cannot go into this from all angles; there is one phase well worth our study. For some years past a wonderful fire of zeal has come into being. It has spread widely, and continues to grow. This apostolic zeal, this flaming thirst for the spread of God's kingdom on earth will be satisfied with nothing short of the universal reign of Christ and God. The numbers everywhere, the devotion, enthusiasm, work, sacrifice in all classes, clergy, religious, laity, must gratify the Holy Father and warm his heart.

Now here is where doctrine comes in. People cannot preach the truth and spread it unless they know the truth. If they are going to spread the Gospel to those outside the Church, they must know the truth themselves, and know the minds of those whom they instruct.

Again, let us insist, this is not at all easy. They may have the Faith, they may be sincere. That is not enough. They must have an understanding of the precise doctrine or doctrines that will convince others.

Not only is it difficult to present doctrine pure, taken by itself. This difficulty is aggravated and intensified by association with those outside the Church and breathing the same air, seeing things in the same light. This can happen to the very ablest and best. It can happen to a whole community, a whole country, and, of course, without the Catholics knowing it. They think they are all right. No matter how good a Catholic a man is, no matter how pious, how hard a work-

the conversion of souls, for Catholic action in any of its branches, cannot ignore doctrine. His mind, his life, his work, must be fully grounded in a clear intellectual grasp of fundamental truths. After all, what makes a man a man is his reason.

This whole matter was brought forcibly home to me when I came my position here in the University of Saskatchewan, and had the responsibility for the Catholic students here. The trouble was not on the social side. That could be handled in a fairly satisfactory way. What should be given them by way of instruction? The time available for it was very limited. The students are of all sorts, women and men, old and young, country and urban, single and married, some educated in Catholic schools, others in public schools, with little or no religious instruction. Outside of philosophy classes (and there it was only a small proportion of them) the only opportunity for instruction in religion was in the sermon at Mass on Sundays. Fifteen or twenty minutes was all that could be allowed.

That does not seem much. Still, twenty-eight sermons each year for three years, eighty-four sermons; and one hundred and twelve for four years—that is a lot of talking, quite a chance for instruction.

But what to give them? There was no time to be wasted, every minute had to be utilized. It had to be really and truly streamlined.

If you think I sat down one evening in the quiet of my room and jottedted it all out, you would be all wrong. It has taken me five years. I think I have it now, and that is why I am writing this article. If I can do so, I should like to help others.

The germ of a right idea came early. The students lived among Protestants (by Protestants I mean all outside the Church). Their friends were Protestants. Why were they Catholics? What did it mean to be a Catholic? If their friends did not ask them that, they would ask themselves, almost unconsciously, thinking what they would say if they were asked. There was no point in giving the answers to the ten thousand questions which Protestants could ask about the Church; fortunately there was no time to try, although that is what the students like. Even the great dogmas—how could one attempt to deal with them?

But that one question: Why are you a Catholic? If you have that, is not that enough? What answer would I give myself?

I conducted a meeting of a group of men for an hour each Sunday. They called it a forum. It was a Catholic discussion group. There were thirty to forty men in it, of all classes: teachers, lawyers, doctors, business men, workmen, mostly well educated and of a quite high intellectual average. I would place them against any similar group anywhere in America for intelligence, and for the knowledge and

practice of their religion. This last year the group discussed three questions: why Protestants do not come into the Church; why Protestants do come into the Church; and lastly, why Protestants should come into the Church, or what does it mean to be a Catholic? I will not go through the answers given. I let them do all the talking. all boiled down to this: Catholics have a better chance to save the souls than Protestants; the Catholic Church is a better church than Protestant church; we are all trying for the same place, only by different roads, and our road is better.

These were not the only ones from whom I sought the answer. I have talked with any number of people. It is always the same. The Catholic Church is better, a Catholic with the aid of the Sacraments stands a better chance. It is a difference in degree. There is no yawning gulf between them.

To understand the difference between Christianity, that is, Catholicity, and anything else, it would be hard to find a better way than to look at St. Augustine's experience as he described it in *The Confessions*. One day he was a pagan; the next day he was a Christian. It was more gradual than that but the contrast was as great. In his search for Truth he found many good things among the pagans, especially among the Platonists. In them he found "though in the very word yet the thing itself . . . that in the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God. . . . But I did not read in those books that He came unto His own. . . . I did not find that the Word became flesh. . . . I did not read that in due time He died for the ungodly."

It is the Incarnation that makes Christianity, and makes the Catholic Church the Church of God. To know what it means to be a Catholic a man must understand what took place when the Son of God took human flesh. In learning about the nature and life of the Christian man he must constantly come back and look at *that* Man that was Christ, and then turning again to the Christian man he will see where he is from his likeness to the Word made Flesh. It would be difficult to insist on this too strongly. Man is made up of body and soul. When an individual body and an individual soul come together in union there is a human being, a man. In all cases other than that of Our Lord there is a human person. The Church teaches that in Christ there was present a human soul and a human body but not a human person. When we say a person we mean a being endowed with intellect and will, capable of knowledge and love, and able to live its own life of freedom within itself, without being forced by something from without. Personality is the final perfection of human nature. Intellect and will exist in the soul. We can imagine a soul and a body coming together

til they actually come in contact they do not possess the perfection of human personality; neither of them is a human person. Once they get to form a human being the added perfection of personality appears. Then the soul of Christ came into union with the body, in that case still in that case only, the human personality did not appear. There was no need for it. The Divine Personality of the Word was there. Never forgetting this difference in Christ, we can now turn to what called the supernatural life in man, to the Christian soul.

When the Word became flesh, of course, the Father and the Holy Ghost were there too; they are never separated, wherever one is there the others are also. In human language we attribute the Incarnation to the Son.

At Baptism God comes into the soul of the one baptized, whether he be a little baby or an adult. Something takes place that is similar to what took place when Christ was conceived. The Three Divine Persons are there, as really and truly and substantially as they were and in Christ. The new Christian is a son of God, as Christ was; not completely the same, because in this last case the human person was there before Baptism, and continues afterward. Redemption is attributed to the Word, so we would seem to be justified in attributing the Word a place in each baptized soul similar to His position in our Lord. The Father and the Holy Ghost are there too.

So in thought we can contemplate the world of Christian souls, and can see them all, and see Christ at their head. In each soul the Word is there, united with the soul. In Christ there is one personality, that of the Divine Son; in the others the two personalities are present, the human as well as the Divine. All the others are sons of God too, because the Son of God has taken each of them over to Himself and made it His own. They are brothers of Christ, and his co-heirs.

The baptized becomes divine. It remains human, but God dwells in it. Nor does He merely abide there. It is a union of the soul with God. God works through the soul. All the good the soul does is done by God; all, every bit of it, is God's work. Every good act of the baptized soul is God's work. It is not a case of being shared by God and the soul, part God's work, part the soul's. No matter how little you make the soul's work, if you take it away from God you are in error; all good is from God, all. The paradox is that every act of the soul is the soul's too. The two work together, they both do the work, and they don't divide it between them. We must hold firmly to this truth, paradox as it may seem. This will have to suffice for now. Baptism is a great work of God. St. Thomas Aquinas asks whether the justification of the ungodly is God's greatest work. The ungodly and all who are not baptized or who are in the state of sin. If we asked

if justification of the unbaptized through Baptism were God's great work, it would be included in the question of St. Thomas. He answers: "The justification of the ungodly, which terminates at the eternal good of a share in the Godhead, is greater than the creation of heaven and earth, which terminates at a mutable good." He goes on to quote Augustine, "for a just man to be made from a sinner is greater than to create heaven and earth . . . for heaven and earth shall pass away, but the justification of the ungodly shall endure." Again, St. Augustine: "Let him that can, judge whether it is greater to create the angelic just, than to justify the ungodly. Certainly, if they both betoken equal power, one betokens greater mercy."

In *The City of God*, one of the greatest books of all time, Augustine describes the Christian Church in the world. To do this he has to describe another city, the city of the world. Good men and bad are mixed together, and often indistinguishable to the outer view. The city of God is composed of good men, the sons of God, scattered among the others. It is the same in our day. All that has been said so far holds good for all baptized men have not fallen into grievous sin. It is not a question of good, pious people who are very devout, attending daily Mass, go to Confession and Communion often. It is true for them, of course. No, it is for all baptized souls who have not fallen into serious sin, or if they have sinned grievously and been reconciled to God. Once God enters the soul in Baptism He remains there and works there unless the soul turns from Him in sin.

So the strange fact offers itself of men working together, talking together; God is in one and He is not in the other. Another man cannot notice any difference between them. The God-like man himself does not know that God dwells in him and works in him, that the good deeds he does, the good thoughts he thinks, are God's work in him. His every action is different from the same action of the other man. Whether he does a kindness for a friend, refrains from some impulse to anger, or other temptation, any good he does, any evil he avoids, is infinitely more different from the same acts of the other man than day is from night. This is because he is like Jesus. Every simple act of Our Lord was different from similar acts of other men because He was God; and the Catholic man is like Him. God works in him. He cannot glory in it; he had nothing to do with God's bestowing this sublime privilege on him. It is God's free gift to him and why God chose him is His secret.

God is in all things, and everywhere. It is a way quite different from the way He was present in Our Lord and from the way He is present in Christian souls. He is present in all things by His immensity and His power. He made all things, so He is present in them as the

e, as Shakespeare is in his works. Further, God maintains things
xistence, so He is present in all things, by His power keeping them
eing. His presence in the Catholic soul is entirely different. There
enters as a friend, in person, a loving friend, resembling the loving
ence of God in Christ. There is mutual knowledge and love, as
een friends. It always comes back to this. God would like each
's knowledge and love of Him to grow to perfection, and quickly;
would like all men to come to perfect knowledge and love of Him
on earth. But He will not force the soul, not as a rule. He is
nt, and not displeased with the average Christian who does not ad-
e far on the way to perfect union with God in knowledge and love.
average Christian may not say many prayers, he may be very or-
ry in his life, yes, less than ordinary. As long as he obeys the
of God and so does no serious evil, God continues to abide in him.
an interesting speculation to consider a baby baptized, then brought
utside the Church and growing to manhood, a maturity, without
knowing that he had been baptized, or had anything to do with the
olic Church. Suppose he never commits a grave sin? Once God
es to the soul in that personal way, when the Three Divine Persons
and unite with it, only sin turns them out. Naturally, such things
ot be examined empirically! Still, striking instances such as this
ccur.

The Catholic Church is not just one among a number of churches,
if it were reckoned the best of them; nor is it one among a number
eligions. It stands alone. Between it and anything else there is
mmeasurable abyss. The Pope did not arrange things this way,
her did the Bishops or the priests who so ordained things. It was
st in His inscrutable wisdom who taught this, and founded His
rch. Why He did it thus and not otherwise, only He knows. God
ove all laws, and can make exceptions to His own regulations. He
down Baptism as the normal entrance into the Church. He can
e to men and sanctify them without formal Baptism. On occasions
has made exceptions like that, but Baptism is the normal way for
to come into the soul and make it holy. We have good reason
ink that such special cases are rare.

The Catholic does not wait until he dies to be united with God.
t union takes place immediately at Baptism. It continues on all
ugh life, and after death still continues on into the Beatific Vision.
the self-same life with God; it is eternal life, and it begins here at
tism. It is like a plant. The seed is planted in Baptism and it
vs and develops during earthly life. In some it grows very fast, in
r cases it reaches the stage of perfect union with God as far as is
ible in this life. In others the growth is slower, and the flower and

the fruit do not come until the next life. But it is the same eternal life with God.

And this is what it means to be a Catholic. This is the central doctrine to teach students, or anyone else. It does not mean the end of learning. That will never come to an end. Even the angels in heaven will never plumb the depths of the riches of the wisdom and the knowledge of God. But an adequate grasp of the meaning of the Incarnation and its reflection in the souls of men will throw a light on this human and divine and will guide men in union of knowledge and love with God.

HENRY CARR, C.S.B.



THE LATEST SENSATION

Isn't it nice to be able to sit
At home and watch the batters,
And see Joe DiMaggio get a hit,
And pretend that it actually matters?

The Blessed Virgin Is Mother to the Russians, Too

It is not enough to gather in great numbers around the altars of the Blessed Virgin, there to lay offerings, flowers and petitions. There is even more need to renew our moral conduct in public and private life, for thereby we lay that solid foundation on which alone rests the structure of domestic and civil life, a structure not fragile and tottering but homogeneous and endurable. (Pope Pius XII)

Nothing greater happened on May 13, 1917, than the visit of the Queen of Heaven to three ordinary children at Fatima, Portugal, yet it made no news, no headline—just as unheralded as a Boy's birth at Bethlehem, yet the world records its time from that birth. Generations to come (if we let them live) will recall that day with great joy. Our Lady came to remind us, like kind Mother she is, to pray, to ask God's help to be good for it is not easy to be good unaided. Then she asked us to offer up our sufferings to her Immaculate Heart in reparation for our sins. How inadequate our penance seems to confessing our sins! The Saints were compelled to great austerities and penances to quiet their consciences which made vivid the enormity of their sins and God's Mercy to them. Our Lady asked, "Do you wish to offer your sins to God in order to bear the sufferings He wants to send you as a means of reparation for the sins which offend Him as a means of supplication for the conversion of sinners?" It is only the old "deny yourself daily"—"Take up your cross and follow Me."

We have to be reminded that we are baptized and are now children of God, for our memories are dull. We are materialists. We do not live by our faith, nor are we faithful to our duties, nor do we love God or our neighbor. About washing dirty linen in public! Don't you think we Catholics ought to blush with shame, knowing that our sins stink to high heaven so that His blessed Mother has had to come down first at La Salette in 1846, at Lourdes in 1858, and at Fatima in 1917? St. Grignion de Montfort has said that if Mary better known Her Son would be known and loved. If this is so, and the Church approves his writings, let us hasten to know Mary by reading of these three apparitions.

The prayer the Blessed Mother asks for is the rosary said daily by families together. Just imagine everyone meditating—perhaps on the Holy Family looking for a place to stay December 24 and, quite weary from house hunting, being given a stable. Could anyone who meditated on that mystery leave an empty bedroom go unused or a ten-room house empty when there are so many in need of a home? Imagine the revolution that would take place if Christians meditated with the mind and heart and not only with the lips. Most of us have the knowledge of sin, we live soaked in it. It screams from billboards, radios, newsstands, front pages, radios—till it no longer shocks. We grow callous because we think that what we do is little compared to another's sin.

By prayer and penance we shall draw God's Mercy for our own and our neighbors' sins. Our neighbor is he who is most in need of our mercy. Are the Russians in need of our mercy? Do you recall the city of Sodom, in the Old Testament, that was about to be destroyed but Abraham intervened? Abraham begged God to spare the city if fifty just men could be found. And the

Good and Merciful Lord of the Universe willingly replied that He would if He were delighted to be saved from carrying out His Justice). After feishly searching everywhere, the Holy Prophet sheepishly admitted that couldn't find fifty, would forty do? Again it was accepted and the conversation continued in like vein till the number was ten. What a hard time Abraham had searching for ten just men! (So many of us think sin is of the twentieth century, even thinking it was easier to be good years ago.) Abraham held his breath while God, Who made man in His own Image and Likeness and gave him Paradise to enjoy, graciously admitted that yes, if only ten just men were found, He would save the city and restrain His just anger. In 1846 at La Salette, France, Our Lady said it was her constant prayers that held back God's Avenging Arm and It was very heavy. It is one hundred years that she has been begging us. At Lourdes and at Fatima the message is the same: *Pray and do penance for sinners.* And here is her glorious promise: "If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted, and there will be peace." Since Russia is yet converted, we know "ten just men" have not been found to pray and do penance. How admirable is the awe-ful patience of God! How long will we wait?

War is the result of sin. Only one is without sin—Mary Immaculate. We are weak but she is strong as an army set in battle array and unlike all other armies cannot be vanquished. De Montfort says, "It is with the Heart of Mary that the New City will be built in truth, justice and charity." Mary must win all hearts, then Jesus will rule. If each Catholic in America consecrated himself to Mary and *lived* the consecration, America would be a Christian nation. Russia would be converted, and then we would have peace. Don't be afraid of the seeming hopelessness of such a big job. We must pray for big things, for the needs of individual souls, for the community, for the nation, for the whole Church. What greater need is there than conversion of Catholics to "live as sincere, convinced, integral Catholics" (Pope Pius XII)? The world has tried conscription, conferences, atom bombs, spent billions, killed and ruined millions, but it has not tried Christianity! And it is our fault, we Catholics, that the world is not Christian. Not just the priest but every lay person is obliged to be apostolic. We are like Lot's wife. We want to be saved but we look back to sin and then we cannot move.

Let us renew our moral conduct in private and public life and thus build a solid foundation for domestic and civil life. Picture families at peace. Husbands and wives being patient, never speaking sharply, being considerate, outdoing the other in sacrifice for their children who are obedient and respectful. And at night all pray together, thanking God for their blessings. What do we see in the average family? Husbands and wives quarrel, children selfishly think only of their own desires—one to a movie, one to a dance, one at the radio, one not talking to another in the family.

I have my own life to lead! . . . He is lazy. . . . I am not going to be a burden to my family. . . . He can't hold a job, just a bum. . . . Why did he get married if he can't afford a baby? . . . That's his worry, not mine. . . . Give them a rent?—why, I was going to buy a new dress. . . . He doesn't like me, why should I help him? . . . Their house is always a mess and there is so much to do when you visit them. . . . I know children mess up a house but I want a real solution. . . . I must save for my old age. . . . Who will take care of me if I get sick? . . . Charity begins at home (and you can be sure it is rarely in the heart of a person who utters it). . . . I don't want to be poor and go to a charity hospital. . . . Can't send food to Europe. . . . Should eat leftovers—economize—aren't

ing? . . . I work hard and I need the best. . . . I eat what I please. . . . It's money. . . . Pay more money to my workers? . . . I pay all my competitor
ying. . . . Share the profits! . . . They're mine. . . . Let the workers become
ers. . . . You're a radical. . . . I don't care what the Pope said. . . .

Love the Communists? . . . Don't you know they killed the priests and
and hate the Church? . . . They should be shipped to sea and drowned.
I'll go to war any day against Russia. . . . Convert them? . . . They are hard-
ted like the Jews. . . . Sure, I know Christ was a Jew but you know what
did to Him. . . . I am not prejudiced—one of my best friends is a Jew,
she's different. . . . If you worked with them, you'd hate them too. . . . Pray
hem like St. Stephen whose prayers converted St. Paul? . . . You're a fool!
Bet you even think the colored can be civilized. . . . I know they have a
good scientists, musicians, dancers, singers, but they're the exception. . . .
y shouldn't be lynched for raping a white woman? . . . They deserve it.
t isn't justice? . . . Look what they did to Archbishop Stepinac. . . . It's worse
n we are unjust for Tito does not pretend to be Christian, but we say we
then we allow our colored brother to be murdered. . . . Is it rape or the
r of the woman that you're thinking of? . . . You're too idealistic. . . . Do
others as you want them to do to you? . . . Be practical!

Yet the beatitudes were given to the ordinary crowd as a practical guide
oliness by the God who made us and knows of what we are capable with
help.

All things we want done to us we must do to others and can with God's
Peace on earth was promised to men of good will, which means God's
Most of us live by what we desire at the moment, but God wants us to
by His Will. The trouble is we don't ask—that is, pray fervently enough.
New York subway ad last Advent pictured a man of "good will" because he
the "good taste" to buy the company's product. This is as bad as people
ng daily, "I had a good time," when they mean "I enjoyed myself because
d what I wanted" or "doing bad things because I wanted to do them." If
don't want an atom bomb used against us, we shouldn't use it against any
er country. We should protest our country's doing so and feel called to do
ance for this national sin.

The children of Fatima had this vision of hell where sinners go who do
repent: "Our Lord showed us a great sea of fire which seemed under the
h. Immersed in those flames were the devils and the damned. They were
transparent furnaces floating in this fire and carried about by the flames
ch came from them. Clouds of smoke were falling on all sides like sparks
n a great fire; the cries and signs of sorrow and of despair were horrifying
awful. The devils were distinguished by the horrible and repulsive shapes
animals terrifying and unknown, but transparent and black."

The sight lasted only a moment and the children said they would have
of horror but they knew the Blessed Mother had told them they would
to heaven. Scenes from battles, the atom bomb, the horrible Texas City
ster sound very much like hell. It is the Devil's job to make us feel there
o hell, that he isn't tempting us. How can we resist a temptation if we are
ware it is a temptation? The Blessed Virgin complained that more would
to hell because of the sins of the flesh. Boldly *Life* printed recently that
fashion is ever successful unless it can be used as an instrument of seduc-
, and then had pages of the fashionable, immodest styles our Catholic
men will be seen wearing.

Mary, the Blessed Virgin, is Mother to the Russians, too. And she is the

truest Mother that ever lived! Not till all her children are happy, till she formed perfectly all parts of the Mystical Body of Christ, will she be happy. The Blessed Mother desired Russia to be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart. Now Mary is speaking to us. You have the Mass, the Sacraments to be happy. My children in Russia are suffering and are being misled to hell. Their souls are starving. Their government has taken away their priests so they have no Mass and no Sacraments. Could you not pray for them? Could you not make a sacrifice and offer up the Mass and Holy Communion the first Saturday of every month in reparation to My Immaculate Heart? Say the rosary that Saturday too, and meditate at least fifteen minutes on one or all of the mysteries. Is this too much to ask of you busy people?

Nothing you do, no sacrifice is so little that it will not help souls in need of mercy. Don't wait till the Church is persecuted everywhere and in the catacombs before you start filling the churches, your hearts with God, your days with prayer. Do your duty, whatever it may be, teaching, being a mother, a nurse. Perform all your actions from a motive of pure love of God and endeavor to see God in your neighbor. Your daily prayers will save souls, especially your Russian brothers and sisters. Be not hard-hearted. Pray also for Joseph Stalin (how unlike his namesake, yet grace changed the persecutor Saul into the Apostle Paul), for Gromyko, Molotov, for the millions in Russia who want peace as much as you, nay more than you. I know! I see their hearts. And they are suffering. Can you not have mercy and pray for them? Sacrifice a little of yourself for them. I watched my Son be crucified for you and I still love you. Cease from sin. Do not eat That Body and drink That Blood and then close your heart to your Russian neighbor.

Let us pray with the Pope. "Give peace to those peoples separated (from) the Church by error and discord, particularly those who have professed a special devotion to God so that no house was without its venerated icon—now put away in hiding against a better day); give them peace and bring them back to the one fold of Christ, under the one true shepherd." Baronesse de Hutton Doherty once told how in Russia, upon entering a home, a visitor always greeted the icon, representing God and His Mother, then turned to his host. This was in the days of Holy Russia. We could imitate the Faith they had. How many of us would take time out to greet Christ, when we enter a home, instead of not even noticing a crucifix on the wall—if we are lucky enough to find one prominently displayed at the entrance. Don't we hide our crucifixes in a dark corner of the bedroom? Are we ashamed of Christ?

Mary is Mediatrix of All Graces. She will not distribute all these amazing graces until we, her children, cooperate by prayer and penance. Russia will be converted, she promises, and there will be peace if we do all that she asks. There are some who say all this talk of Fatima is overrated, that this devotion to Mary detracts from God, but do not be misled. De Montfort's canonization last July 20 holds up his teaching, the *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*. That settles it. The more we know and love Mary, the more Her son Christ is loved.

JULIA PORCELLI

Heavenly Houston: Hub of the Hemisphere

"Paper, Mister?" The timid newsboy was making just enough noise to his papers, but not enough to disturb the cop on the beat.

"Paper, Mister?" A man in rancher's clothes emerged from the swinging doors of the Opera House Bar and said, "Here, boy!"

Running up eagerly, the boy handed him a paper and saw him reach for a nickel. Then a shot rang out from across the street and the man gasped as he quietly wilted to the sidewalk at the newsboy's feet, clutching the paper in his left hand and a nickel between the thumb and forefinger of his right.

Glancing across the street, the newsboy saw a tall man leisurely descending courthouse steps and adjusting his hip equipment. The boy's eyes returned to the lifeless form at his feet and saw a rivulet of blood trickle across the newspaper and underscore a headline: HOUSTON HAS FORGOTTEN GOD, YES EVANGELIST.

Thoughts tumbled into the boy's mind as the bystanders silently collected. It's my nickel, thought he, and this is a big opportunity for me. If I firmly and persistently demand my nickel I will make a hit with the local wigs always on the lookout for a youngster with a tough appreciation of the business-as-usual angle. There will be publicity and a good connection for me.

Then he heard the witticisms of the bystanders. "A good hundred yards," one, "And smack dab in the heart—damn good shootin'." "I saw him holler for his rod," said another. "He was only reaching for a nickel," laughed a third.

But I just can't do it, decided the boy, I feel too sorry for God. He must awfully ashamed of us all. So he stood silent and pondered the headline as the corpse was carried away—nickel, newspaper and all.

In the Beginning, Goods

My early recollections of Houston are clustered around that incident. It may serve to show how business, finance, markmanship and murder, grim humor, grim preaching and a deep sorrow for God have all worked together to make Houston what it is today: a metropolitan area with over a half-million people thoroughly regimented to the requirements of a republic under capitalism, and with no culture that cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Just as a physician may diagnose smallpox by scrutinizing one of the festering pockmarks on a human body, so may a Christian diagnose the illness of the national body politic by examining any one of our metropolitan pockmarks, such as Houston. But that has been done many times before, so we shall not go into it here.

Instead, let us take a glance at Houston's beginnings. To do that we dash to Harrisburg, mother of Houston, now a one-street business section just beyond the southern limits. There, a little over a century ago, the Allen brothers, founders of that day, named their new sub-division after General Sam Houston, hero of the shortest revolution on record and first man to be duly elected president of the Texas Republic.

It seems that historians are not in full agreement as to the why and the wherefore of the Texas revolution. They are divided in regard to one version, which is the most realistic and unpopular. It does not detract from the glory of the august personages involved, but it does serve to show the influences of business on Houston's very beginnings.

According to this version, the chief characters—Sam Houston, Santa Anna and Andrew Jackson—were all Masons. Mexico's Antonio Lopez de Santa

Anna was an unsuccessful revolutionist who had been encouraged in the belief that the Texans would help him unseat the Catholic Mexican government. When he marched into Texas with his army he didn't get the cooperation expected, and he started shooting people right and left. This was just the opportunity Sam Houston had been expecting, so he ran Santa Anna down at San Jacinto—a few miles from Harrisburg—and captured him. (The monument that stands there today in honor of Houston's victory is one of the most architectural erections of Jesse Jones, Rajah of Houston. It is a few feet taller than the Washington Monument.)

But to get back to the brother-Masons who figured in this version. Nearly everyone wanted to execute the captured Santa Anna for his extreme cruelty. Perhaps Sam Houston wanted that, too, but, after all, they were brother-Masons. So Houston appealed to another brother-Mason, his good friend Andrew Jackson, that great exponent of the famous humanitarian slogan, "To the victor belongs the spoils." They managed to get Santa Anna safely out of Texas and gave him a start in the chewing gum business in New York. There were signs of money in chicle even at that early date. Of course this version is covered in the orthodox history books, but it serves to show that the economic angle—always sub rosa but uppermost in Houston's currency culture—was the job at the very beginning.

The Trinity of Spiritual Houston

Perhaps no American city has outgrown more slogans than has Houston. Her remarkable industrial growth has rapidly rendered them obsolete. Back in the roaring twenties the slogan changed from "Where 17 railroads meet the sea" to one of greater scope: "Where 18 railroads meet 30 steamship lines." Later on, this became entirely inadequate and the slogan "Gateway to the Americas" was adopted. At present the opinion is divided as to the most appropriate slogan. Some like "Gateway to Latin America," while some prefer "Hub of the Hemisphere."

For a spiritual picture of Houston we must first take a look at her impressive skyline, then put a clothespin on our nose and take a trip down the ship channel to inspect a half-billion dollars' worth of industrial installations all the while listening to the endless legends of the fabulous Jesse Jones. The skyline, the ship channel and Jesse Jones; they compose the trinity of spiritual Houston—and there's not any mystery about it. We wonder what would happen in the world if each Catholic had half the faith of the Jesse Joneses.

Seek Ye First the Kingdom of Greed

It has been often repeated that there's nothing the matter with the world—it's just the people in it. As the next brush-stroke in this spiritual picture, let us reverse the old saw and pin it on the people of Houston. There is doubtless plenty the matter with the city's physique, but there is not much the matter with the half-million people who live here. It would be hard to find a more loyal and lovable half-million anywhere on the planet. In fact, their loyalty has reached the proportions of a vice. The average Houstonian cannot so much as join a labor union without feeling uncertain about whether he is violating the principle of "don't bite the hand that's feeding you." The feeling he has when listening to a labor expert clashes sharply with the feeling he has when buying his groceries on payday. The payday feeling nearly always wins. That's why unions have had no bed of roses in Houston.

There are many other things, however, which do receive plenty of support. The chief of these is the list of religious cults and sects found in small towns.

he Texas Almanac. Perhaps no city in the country is a better hunting ground for this list of greedy heresies than is the city of Houston. The bait is common to most; it is almost invariably an awesome and terrifying version of Apocalyptic eschatology. But it seems to get the recruits. There are almost a hundred different sects and cults waxing fat in this city on the fear and ignorance of their fellows. Sometimes we wonder if it isn't simply Protestantism going through the process of destroying itself.

These people cannot compare in zeal with the fanatics of early American Protestantism because today they are loyal, in a large degree, to our national religion: indifferentism. One may work for months in office or factory and discover by chance that one's fellow-worker devotes his spare time to the intrusive propagation of one of the myriad forms of modern Gnosticism. None of these sects claims a corner on all truth. As one jovial Irish priest recently pointed out: St. Paul found in ancient Greece an altar to an unknown

There may be one in Houston, but I doubt it. Every sect I've seen seems to be the only leased wire to Heaven.

Class Lines and Tycoon Culture

The next brush-stroke in this spiritual sketch requires us to divide the half-billion into three classes—along the usual economic lines—in order to get them into the picture. First, we have the class that revolves around the group of oil barons, sundry other millionaires, and their sycophants. Politically, they support a staunch republicanism that insists upon being called democratic. They have carefully schooled themselves in the art of taking everything for granted. With the help of Dale Carnegie, they have learned to conceal the crudities of robbery and are very good at winning friends and influencing people.

The citizens in this class, who are masters in the use of the slightly bored expression and the tilted eyebrow, perhaps deserve the most credit for Houston's big-name status. (The city ranked tenth in building construction during the first six months of 1947.) To them, many things are a bit naive, including political Catholics, whom they place in the same category with small boys occupied with Mother Goose. Nothing upsets them but a rubber check.

Next we have the management class. This includes corporation executives, small business men, professional people, white collar workers and others in the well-known bourgeoisie. In Houston this class has been, during the past century, the poorest boring ground for Communists in the entire United States. They little dream, however, of the great success the fellow-travelers have achieved through them in accentuating the class lines. Upon them the clock, the hourly wage and other implements of the divide-and-conquer technique—spawned in underground Russia during the last century—have not been lost.

These people like to point with pride to the city's educational rather than its industrial growth. Rice Institute, University of Houston, St. Thomas University, St. Anthony's Home, and many other cultural mileposts make them think that we are getting somewhere. Most of them believe that something is wrong with our whole educational system, but it is more of a vague feeling than a conscious criticism, and so does not interfere with the time-honored practice of muddling through.

Others of this class feel very good, not so much about what Houston is doing as about the things Houston has quit doing. They will remind you that the city's one-time notorious red-light district has long since been gone and forgotten, and that public morals have consequently improved. In a sense

this is true. Sex immorality is not advertised as it once was; it is more genteel, more sophisticated, more involved with marriage and divorce, and it is much more sanitary. Moral improvement seems to have little to do with these changes. Expediency appears to be the motive involved. To those who still yearn for the "good old days" of blatant debauchery, there is Galveston, fifteen miles away, beckoning to the sporting element.

These people will likewise point out that men are no longer shot down in cold blood on our streets, simply because the police department is efficient and free of graft. They skip the fact, meanwhile, that the Houston police department is perhaps the most overworked and underpaid in the country.

They will admit that we used to have a lot of religious bigotry here, but they are quick to remind you that no such condition exists today—that Catholic, Protestant, Jew and pagan all live together harmoniously and put their shoulders to the wheel. True, but we are silently mindful of the fact that Catholicism gained a bit of respectability only when there arose in its ranks at least one oil millionaire to vie with the others—who like to parcel out culture with plenty of strings attached.

A considerable number of this class insist upon referring to the thirty thousand Mexican inhabitants as Latin-Americans. They do so, of course, through a false sense of charity, little dreaming that the Houston citizen Mexican extraction is not a bit ashamed of his ancestry. Mexicans are considered in the same dark Jim Crow light with the Negroes. One way in which this is evidenced is the daily list of marriage licenses in the newspapers: the bride is never a "Miss" if she is a Mexican or a Negro, she is just plain Juan Gomez or Sally Washington. Even Catholics have been known to miss Mass rather than attend it in a Mexican parish when time would not permit them to pass through the slum to a more distant and a more acceptable church.

Now let us take a glance at the third class, the clock-punchers and house wage earners. If I give more space to this class it is because I am a member of this class myself, and also because this class is perhaps of more importance to the future. The orchardist gives more thought to seedlings than to laden trees—though laden with fruit—whose seasons are numbered. Everyone knows what a banker thinks about, or what a business man or a doctor thinks about, and it is not hard to detect the mental processes of a professor or a shipping clerk or any others of the two foregoing classes. But what does the assembly line worker think about as he puts on bolt number 9,999? What does the turret-lathe operator think about as he turns out hundreds of little metal gadgets with the monotony of a robot? We know that thought is always the forerunner of action. The answer to these questions may be an important key to the future. Mr. Joseph Stalin seems to think so.

When I became a clock-puncher six years ago I was amazed to discover that our system offers no pipe-line for the utilization of the vast amount of wasted mental energy of industrialism and no safety valve for the release of the pressure it generates. I devoted considerable time trying to find out what this thinking was all about.

Of course I have no statistics regarding the morals of workers; but from observation alone, it seems certain that there is very little heavy drinking among the workers—especially since reconversion and the stabilization of industrial personnel by the weeding out of undesirables. The average clock-puncher apparently given up drinking for more and better thinking, if the subjects of his conversation are any criteria. Some of them work thirty-nine hours a week and go to college at Uncle Sam's expense, as a result of their military

rience. This affects their conversation and the thinking of the other
ters. The subject of religion, however, is rarely discussed because it always
rise to violent prejudices. There are a few exceptions, however, for in
y shop may be found a very slight sprinkling of Christian-minded men—
slight!

Although my clock-punching experience includes immense shops employing
thirty thousand men, I am at present working in a small twenty-five-man
which turns out an apparatus for impregnating the drinking water of
e with the necessary chemicals not found in the vegetation of the locality.
Once I asked my co-workers, "What is the purpose of life?" Although
e group were two "born" Catholics, no one got the right answer. Robert,
Negro janitor, and a good Christian (Protestant), was the nearest with the
wing reply: "To answer that we have to go back to the beginning—God.
n't He make man for the purpose of beautifying the Garden of Eden?"
of the Catholics, well educated and a student at the University of Houston,
rated the modern type of hedonism with his reply: "The pursuit of happi-
" Another summed up his reply—and the basic dogma of modern creed-
idealism—with one word: "service."

As on the other classes, the atomic age has had a sobering effect upon the
clock-punchers; but they are keeping their feet on the ground. They haven't
otten that Nobel claimed the basic power of the universe when he dis-
red dynamite and then dashed madly around the planet trying to prevent
estruction by war. They haven't forgotten that the ancient Chinese had the
dire thoughts about gunpowder and used it for fire crackers only. And more
Christian-minded of the workers—like Robert—have not forgotten
the basic power of the universe has been with us so long that it has been
ut forgotten. These few Christian-minded workers—like Robert—know
the basic power of the universe is not nuclear fission but moral fission, a
er given to us in the revealed truth of Jesus Christ, a power that will work
us or against us, in reverse, if we spurn it.

The Hope of Houston

Well, this is the spiritual atmosphere in which the Catholic Church finds
f in Houston. Its sixty thousand members (many of them Mexican and
ugh of them Negro to keep two Josephite high schools going full blast in
colored section) are still less than one-sixth of the population. Nor have
dented the prevailing non-Catholic atmosphere yet, although the annual
st the King parade does bring the Faith into public view, as do also the
y works of mercy in which the Church is engaged.

The Church so far has been laying its foundations and making a steady
. But the field is more than ripe for the harvest and all Catholics will
e to become laborers. That means especially the laity. The sort of apostolic
that would raise eyebrows in the East is familiar religiosity to the inhabitants
Houston. Jocism wouldn't have to work under cover. And Jocism is just
sort of movement that could start a chain of moral fission in the dying
ers of Protestantism here, that would transform the city before it is too late.

Houston—the Hub of the Hemisphere—affords many opportunities. The
mber of Commerce is right!

GEORGE R. VAUGHAN
Houston, Texas
Feast of St. Dominic, 1947

BOOK REVIEWS

Delightful Imaginary Saint

SAINT IMAGINUS

By Frances Margaret McGuire
Sheed and Ward
Price: \$1.50

The adventures of St. Imaginus, ho monk of the Order of St. Simplicitas, fascinating and delightful reading. The good Saint approaches material and spiritual problems with humility and unusual sagacity. To soive the finan

difficulties of the Astonished Stockbroker, St. Imaginus takes up a collection from the poor of the parish, with happy results for all. The Obstinate Cow which refused to give milk was given into the hands of a group of Sisters where the good Saint hoped, "their modesty and the gentle discipline of convent life might have a salutary effect on one of so wayward a temper." The most significant accomplishment of the holy man was the invention of a game whereby a group of wicked young men in the Saint's parish lent themselves some virtuous exercise. The Saint's superior, the Parish Priest, was so moved by the remarkable change that he suggested, "Let's have a cricket match and take up a collection for the church debt."

There are twelve tales in this volume. Mrs. McGuire ought to write some more stories about St. Imaginus. He's very instructive in his whimsical and highly entertaining. There are very good illustrations by Betty Arnott.

JOHN MURPHY

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123 Old Mission Students' Theol

Lord give us always this Bread. St. John C. 6: v. 34



Lord
give us always
this Bread
which is Yourself.
To check in us
our greed for
earthly things.
Madly we crave
for power and possessions
and selfish play and gain
on which we starve to death
and know it not.

Lord
make us like to
this Bread
which is Yourself.
That we be
strong,
courageous,
other Christs.
Make us go forth
unselfish, Christ-filled vessels
to let our brothers share
of Your great plentitude.

Lord give us always this Bread.

O Savior,
through the prayers of the Mother of God
save us!

—Prayer from the Russian Liturgy

